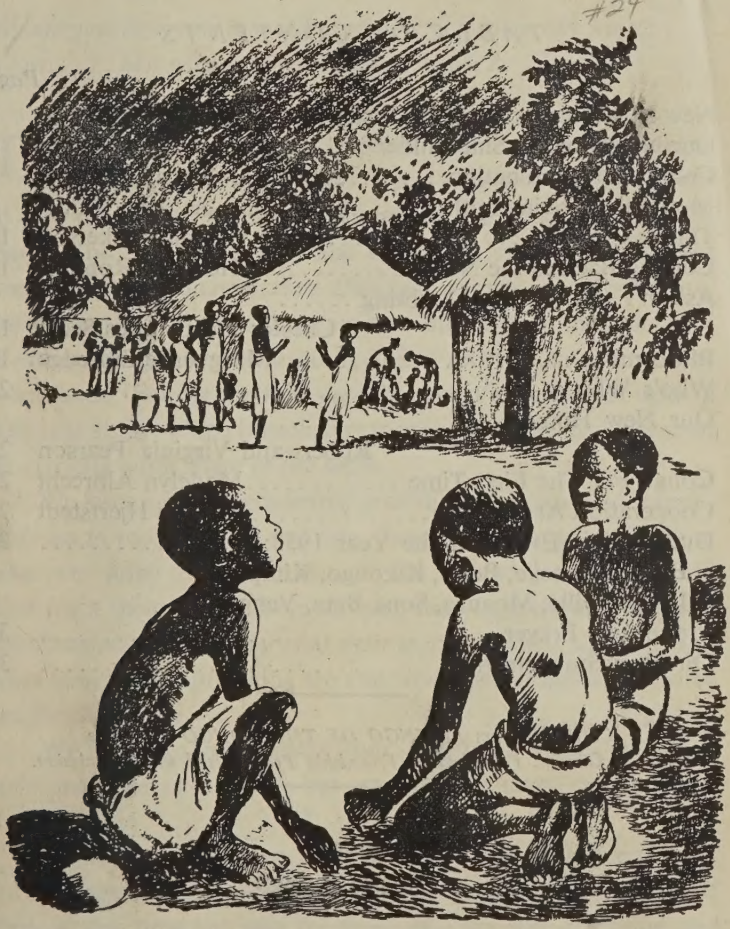
BERKELEY BAPTIST DIVINITY SCHOOL
LIBRARY
Archives

Congo News Letter

21 4655/64
#24



JANUARY 1954

BERKELEY BAPTIST DIVINITY SCHOOL
SANDFORD FLEMING LIBRARY

V. 45-48

CONGO NEWS LETTER

Vol. XLV January 1954 No. 1

1954-56

TABLE OF CONTENTS

	Page
New Missionaries for New Tasks ..... Editorial	3
Our Neighbor is a Shipbuilder ..... Arley Brown	4
Congo the Culmination ..... Norman Riddle	6
Mountain-Moving faith ..... Von Riddle	9
This Is Congo ..... Virginia Nickerson	11
Coming Back to the New..... Helen R. Robbins	13
Ask in Faith With no Doubting ..... Chester and Dolores Scott	15
Blossoms ..... Marguerite Eldredge	18
Who's Who	20
Our New Home ..... Robert and Virginia Pearson	22
Congo For The First Time .....Madelyn Albrecht	24
Cooperation At Kimpese.....Virginia Hjertstedt	26
Outstanding Events in the Year 1953: ..... Banza Manteke, Boko, Kikongo, Kimpese, Leopoldville, Moanza, Sona Bata, Vanga,	29
Praise and Prayer	38
Directory Supplement	39

COVER: From MPENGO OF THE CONGO by Grace W. McGavran. Published by Friendship Press. Used with permission.

Editor

ETHEL D. BROWN

Published Quarterly by the Missionaries of the A.B.F.M.S.

Subscription price 75 cents a year; 3 years or 3 subscriptions for $2.00 Subscriptions may be sent to Treasurer, A.B.F.M.S., 152 Madison Ave., New York 16, N.Y. Subscription price in Congo 35 francs. Address correspondence to Editor C.N.L., B. P. 4141, Leopoldville 2, Belgian Congo.

NEW MISSIONARIES FOR NEW TASKS

No one puts new wine into old wineskins; if he does, the wine..... is lost, ... new wine is for fresh skins. Mark 2 : 22.

THE biggest thing in our news this time is that we have eleven new missionaries on the field. For a long time we have looked forward to their coming and at last they are here, all eleven of them. You read in the last issue about the special praying for twenty new missionaries, then after two years we got, not twenty, but twenty-two. Part of them are now on the field, the others are in various stages of preparation. It is a relief to have these new folks here. During the first year they must spend much time in language study, which is necessary preparation, but they will soon be carrying a full share of the work.

We have had unprecedented growth in our tasks and responsibilities in recent years, and now these new people are about to take over some of the burdens. In the following pages you will hear from them. They have all been here long enough to grasp the situation and find out what their work is. They will tell you what their first impressions are and what their hopes and desires are for the future.

We hear also in this issue from some missionaries who have spent many years in Congo but are returning now from furlough to new tasks.

As we begin this New Year, it is with deep gratitude to God for His provision for His work here in Congo, by the arrival of these at this time and also for those who are still preparing and will be with us by the time another year dawns.

OUR NEIGHBOR IS A SHIPBUILDER

ARLEY BROWN

THAT'S right. Our neighbor makes and repairs the ships and boats used on the interior river system, 10,000 miles of navigable water ways. Frankly, with rivet guns and hammers pounding on steel plates only 200 yards away, Chanic is rather noisy as a neighbor. All the same, it is interesting. Each afternoon a dozen or more large semi-trucks roll out of the shipyards loaded with homeward-bound Congolese workmen. As they lean out the sides, shouting and singing as they go, one cannot help thinking, "They're not very sophisticated for being city dwellers. And the fact is that many of them have only recently moved to the city. Thousands of Congolese move from their villages to Leopoldville each month. They want well-paying jobs, and Chanic is just one of the companies that offers such jobs.

Chanic, or *Chantier Naval et Industriel du Congo*, has a large plant next door to our beautiful A.B.F.M.S. property, where stands historic Sim's chapel (1891) overlooking the Congo River. Since arriving here late in September we have fallen in love with our home with its broad lawns, tall graceful palms and sweeping view across the river. But, unlike our other stations in the Congo, our home is separated by law from the homes of Congolese. They may work in the "European" city but except under special conditions they may not live there. As new missionaries one of the jolts we got was this strange situation where the mission station was no longer the primary center of mission activity. In Leopoldville the African must come to us or we go to the African. Naturally, we go to the African.

Our introduction to our work in the native section of Leo-Ouest came on our first Sunday. There in a rather small church were over 500 people, children up front pressed together on the benches like rows of baby birds, mothers with their babies on the one side, men in their Sunday best on the other. At the same time 400 children were gathered on the grass behind the church for another service. Someone showed us the number in our new Kikongo hymnal and we started to sing. What joy to actually be singing in the na-

tive language ! We felt glad to be among our people — and glad their enthusiastic singing was drowning out our mistakes. Then representatives of each part of the work gave us their welcome — a deacon, a Bible woman, the Sunday School superintendent, a school teacher, and a schoolboy. In the afternoon we came back for the vesper service, conducted in the Lingala language (used by the up river people, by the army, and in commerce throughout the Congo). Again the church was full, despite the heat and an attractive soccer game not far away. There was good singing followed by a short, spirited message by one of the church's consecrated laymen. We enjoyed the participation of the congregation as they would answer in the affirmative or negative, fill in key words as the speaker paused, or finish quoting a verse of familiar Scripture.

Later we saw the school in action, with its airy classrooms showing pupils cramped but happy, led by their fine young teachers. Then the dispensary and baby clinic with the lines of mothers and babies filled us with admiration for beaming Mattie, the efficient and lovable native nurse. We saw the Bible women coming to the missionary for materials and instruction. There it was, church, school, dispensary, women's work — all reaching out with the gospel of Christ to the people of the city. We went back to our language study feeling proud and grateful to God for this Christian witness.

But our neighbor is a shipbuilder. Somehow, as we struggle to learn daily more of the Kikongo language, we feel interrupted. It's not so much the noise of hammering and riveting. That is easily forgotten. It's the men behind those tools, hundreds of them, reminding us hourly of their presence. What does it mean that they and their wives and children are in Leo now ? Jobs there are, and Chanic is only one of many. But are there churches and schools? Obviously, they are far too few and too limited to meet the present expansion. Finally, these men at Chanic speak to us of the hundreds in Leo who are here only for money and what it can buy. Some we know are teachers and Christian workers who have left their jobs and their churches, though badly needed, and have become limited in their service or totally lost to the cause of Christ. Others have never known the Saviour and are an easy prey to sin. Their children will grow up to be like them. How can these people

be helped by our mission which already has too much to do?

A man, seeking to justify himself, once asked the Lord Jesus, "And who is my neighbor?" May God help us to act as that Good Samaritan in the parable of Jesus' reply, for we, too, have neighbors in need.

CONGO THE CULMINATION

NORMAN RIDDLE

WHAT a marvellous faculty of mind is the memory! As I allow my mind to call back the many impressions received during these two months here in Congo, I am amazed by their variety and vividness. Some have already been forgotten, and others will fade in coming days; but I shall have left an invaluable treasure of memories of our first arrival in our new home.

I shall never forget the thrill of our first view of the Congo River. We had come up the coast of Angola so quickly that we could hardly believe it could really be the long-sought-for gateway to our new life. But the Congo's brown water forcing its way through the blue of the Atlantic soon removed all doubt, and a few minutes later the river's mighty mouth lay before us. As we stood there at the rail — Belgian colonial officials and American missionaries — one of the former group remarked with a sigh, "What a feeling of depression I get when I see that place!" I was rather jolted, for to me the sight of the Congo was the culmination of months of planning, prayer, and study — the beginning of a new phase of life in service for Christ. To him it meant ceaseless toil without much satisfaction; separtion from loved ones, dreariness, and boredom. I am sure at that moment the vast difference in our approach to our task was revealed in all its reality.

It was not long after my arrival before I was thrilling to the strident tones of hymns sung by our 800 boys and girls with great enthusiasm and not a little beauty. I enjoy this love of singing which lifts a service above the commonplace and which spills out into daily activities — marching, preparing meals, in class —any-

where, any time, practising or just singing for the love of it. I feel that it is the joy of the gospel message which wells from their hearts with artesian spontaneity. Carol our three and a half year old summed up this impression one night at supper. After listening a while to the singing floating across the road from the girls' school, she remarked, "Black children like to sing, don't they?"

Shortly after our arrival we drove through the leper camp. People began to shout for us to stop, and streamed out of their huts. Their enthusiastic welcome made us feel very unworthy. And to think that elsewhere in Africa the clock has turned back fifty to a hundred years, and missionaries are again being greeted with curses and bush knives! My gratitude for our open door here was greatly deepened.

Another unforgettable sight was that of one hundred thirty-five school children following their Lord in baptism at seven-thirty one Sunday morning. Among them was Félix Malutama, son of Remy, who is now studying in Belgium. The pastor here is Remy's father. As I saw three generations thus being spanned, I was struck anew by the power of Christ to work in difficult places. I realized also that our schools are a powerful evangelizing force, and I shall never again wonder if they can be integrated into this our main task.

This conviction of the great possibilities of our schools was further strengthened by a business trip to Matadi. Almost everywhere I found young fellows in positions of trust who greeted me warmly when they discovered I was from a Protestant mission station. Many were graduates of our schools and asked after former teachers and friends. Though I was pleased to note how their training had been effective, I was also made aware of an acute problem rising out of the very fact of their numbers. There are not enough young men challenged to sacrifice to stay in the villages and on our stations to serve as teachers and pastors.

I was privileged to be used to help alleviate this situation in a small way. I mentioned to my third year high school boys reflections on the subject and urged them to consider carefully and prayerfully God's will in choosing their vocation. One of them asked the vital question, "How can I know God's will for my life?" After a few minutes of explanation I urged them to come to me privately

for further help. Immediately they requested a meeting, and the next evening we spent an hour discussing the matter and praying about it. The next morning two of the boys came to me with their decision to become teachers. Pray that they will have the courage to carry out this decision.

I had heard of the thirst for knowledge among the Congolese children, but I didn't realize fully how real and deep it was until our visit to old Banza Manteke. This former site of our mission work is now almost a ghost village, since most of the people have been drawn to the cities. Here in the old church was a class of primary boys being taught temporarily by one of their number and held only by their intense desire to learn.

A brief but well-deserved word about our missionary colleagues. To say that they are versatile would be grossly understating the facts. Nurses, doctors, teachers, and evangelists drive trucks, build buildings, handle accounts, supervise the maintenance of complicated machinery, and do a host of other tasks all in addition to their main responsibilities for which they came to Congo. Space forbids my telling of their generosity and helpful understanding to us as new missionaries. They are a far cry from the backward, unprogressive, unimaginative people portrayed by a certain type of armchair mission theorist. It is true they are our link with the past, but how well they have adapted to changing times and how patient and understanding they are with the ever-growing problems of an advancing people. It is our challenge to be able to carry on the work so well begun by the heroes of faith both of the past and present so that in future days, if time be spared us, we may contribute to a glorious and lasting superstructure to the Church of Christ in Congo.

MOUNTAIN-MOVING FAITH

VON RIDDLE

BEFORE leaving the States for the mission field, a friend gave me a small glass bubble in which had been placed a mustard seed. This serves as a reminder of the scripture verse spoken by Jesus in the book of Matthew: "If ye have faith as a grain of mustard seed, ye shall say unto this mountain, Remove hence to yonder place, and it shall remove, and nothing shall be impossible unto you." When the Lord first spoke to my heart concerning missionary work, there were many "mountains" in the way of a complete surrender to His will. There was the mountain of concern for our children — their health, education, and social development. But through His word God spoke to my heart, "He that loveth son or daughter more than me is not worthy of me." There was the mountain of doubt concerning adjustments to a new country, learning a new language and a different people. "And he said unto me, My grace is sufficient for thee: for my strength is made perfect in weakness." There was the mountain of loneliness as I thought of leaving loved ones and friends, our church and the work we loved there. And still his voice persisted, "He that loveth father or mother more than me is not worthy of me... And he that taketh not his cross, and followeth after me, is not worthy of me. He that findeth his life shall lose it, and he that loseth his life for my sake shall find it." There was the mountain of hardships to face — few conveniences, inadequate living space, scorching suns and torrential rains. And Christ spoke again through His word: "He that loveth his life shall lose it, but whoever loses his life for my sake and the gospel's, the same shall find it — both in this life and the life to come everlasting."

With such evidence of God's guidance and mercy, I yielded to His will and by faith, perhaps no larger than a grain of mustard seed, lost the fear of the "mountains." He gave a precious promise from the book of Isaiah: "I will go before thee, and make the crooked places straight. I will break in pieces the gates of brass, and cut in sunder the bars of iron. And I will give thee the treasures of darkness, and hidden riches of secret places that thou mayest

know that I, the Lord, which call thee by thy name, am the God of Israel."

So now we have been in Congo for two months, and during this time one fact stands out above all others; that is that Christ has been here before us and prepared the way, just as He has been preparing us for this place. The mountains of worry have turned out to be small hills easily surmounted on the wings of His grace, and in between are the valleys of peace, comfort and blessing. He has not only supplied our needs but has given us pleasures over and above all we could have asked. We have a comfortable home with electricity and running water. These are conveniences I had never expected to find in Congo. This is a perfect place for children. There is plenty of room for running and playing, climbing trees and riding tricycles. There is clean fresh air for healthy bodies, lovely cool evenings for restful sleep, and lively African and American playmates for social development. As I look out the study window I can see delicate white cowbirds as they walk lazily across a large green lawn, or stretch their wings and glide gracefully over rows of palm trees, eucalyptus and frangi-pani. Unlike most reports of Congo weather, there is a cool, gentle breeze filling the house, even though the afternoon sun is still high in the sky. In a few hours the western horizen will be ablaze with the red glow of a setting Congo sun. In such a setting as this we have been placed to do a lasting work that will count for eternity, for He has promised to give the "treasures of darkness," which speak to us of the souls of the Congolese. Yes, we are happy here in the Congo-happy in our new home and in our new work for the Lord. We have proven that God is faithful to His word and now we have the assurance that "nothing is impossible" as we move in the realm of His will. "O the depth of the riches both of the wisdom and knowledge of God! How unsearchable are his judgements, and his ways past finding out ... For of him, and through him, and to him, are all things: to whom be glory forever. Amen."

THIS IS CONGO

VIRGINIA NICKERSON

THE Belgian Congo — a small pink spot in the center of a map of Africa, an area of 909,000 square miles and a population of twelve million, an untold wealth of mineral and agricultural resources: this is the Congo.

But it is more. It is the matchless tropical sunsets as the whole world turns scarlet and golden and the spectacular displays of sheet lightening against a starfilled sky. It is the snow capped mountains in the East, the steaming jungle valleys of the interior, and the beautiful rolling hills and grasslands around our own mission stations. It is springtime in November as everything turns green under the first rains of the year, and it is the flamboyant and frangipani and candle trees silhouetted against the sky, all garlanded with bright and fragrant blossoms, Christmas trees decorated by God's own hand and displayed publicly for all the world to admire.

It is sudden storms with high winds that cover the sky with black clouds in a matter of minutes, sending missionaries scurrying to shut windows, and which doubtless inspired the advertising slogan "When it rains, it pours." It's goats and chickens wandering across your verandah, it's sun helmets and galoshes, sunshine and mud puddles, it's six inch butterflies and three inch spiders, it's lizards on the wall and insects in your soup in spite of all precautions. It's narrow trails through shoulder high grass and roads with ruts so deep that you travel as far in a vertical direction in bouncing along as you do forward. It's modern Leopoldville with wide boulevards and a nine story skyscraper and isolated native villages of twenty to fifty thatched huts of bamboo or clay; it's Caterpillar tractors and modern road graders pushing past farms where the short handled native hoes are the only tools used.

And Congo is the Congolese people — women in their bright native dresses, each with a baby on her back and a jar or basket carefully balanced on her head, little children so neatly dressed in glossy brown skins and a string of beads, and men in our more prosaic western garb of shirts and trousers. It's their singing —

in church, as they work, and walking along the road — with the rhythm and harmony that are so characteristic of Negro spirituals at home. It's their smiles and greetings as you pass on the path, it's bargaining in the market place, it's their obvious pleasure when we newcomers try to use our limited Kikongo vocabularies. It is Tata Tulanda who works in the operating room at I.M.E. and who showed me how to pull teeth; it's Mama Lena, the midwife at Banza Manteke; it's Makengo from Sona Bata who gave me my first language lessons; it's the fifty new Christians who were baptized in the river at Kimpese at my first Congo baptism. It's the people who are already fine Christian leaders, and the young men and women in our schools who have such a tremendous potential for Christ, and it's others who still have never once heard that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners.

And Congo is our mission stations, too. It's the churches there and in the surrounding villages and at the leper camps where the word of God is proclaimed in the language of the people by their own leaders; it's *matondo* (thanksgiving) and baptism and communion services where we worship together as brother and sister in Christ. It's the school children in their bright uniforms, pouring over French lessons and arithmetic problems or learning to sew or to saw, and the school buildings, some brand new models, others not so new nor so model, but all used to instruct the young people who come to us in the "all things whatsoever I have commanded you" of the Great Commission. And it's the hospitals and dispensaries and baby clinics, staffed by native nurses, and the patients sometimes in two layers — convalescents on mats on the floor — when there aren't enough beds for every one. It's modern surgery with sterile techniques and prayer before each operation, and it's witnessing to each patient who comes into the clinics for diagnosis or treatment of One who is the Great Physician.

This is Congo — this and more. For to me it is also a call answered, a vision come true, a promise fulfilled: the call — the command of Christ to go into all the world and preach the gospel; the vision — that of service as a missionary nurse; the promise — "Faithful is he that calleth you, who also will do it."

I have not been disappointed in the Congo.

COMING BACK TO THE NEW

HELEN R. ROBBINS

WHEN we boarded the S. S. Lindi in New York on August 22nd, our home in Congo seemed close at hand — only two weeks away, and two weeks is not far to one accustomed to Africa. But propellor trouble delayed us more than three weeks along the Atlantic Coast of the States and with each frustrating delay Africa seemed to retreat farther away.

It was with the weariness of "at long last" that we sailed into the familiar brown waters of the Congo River. It was the same wide mouth of that river flanked by low-lying land that we entered, the same as we first saw it more than two decades ago. We ascended the river until we passed between the rugged cliffs nearing Matadi, the works of Him Who changeth not. On through the turbulent whirlpools where lighter craft can be easily overturned in the Devil's Cauldron, to the rugged banks at Matadi where hills rise upon hills and even the streets are precipitous. It was the same old Congo which we love — not so much for itself, but because of its people — for whom also Christ died.

Yet in just a day or two we were Rip Van Winkles rubbing our eyes in bewilderment. What had happened in a brief fifteen months? At Leopoldville we had much business to attend to in a very short time. A quick trip to the post office, but where the post office had been it was no more. Found at last with the help of several dark skinned policemen, the imposing edifice and the intricacies of its interior impressed us — even us, who had just come from New York City. The Congolese clerk regarded us quite superciliously as he directed us in our confusion.

Next we must go to the home of our friend where he had been carrying on his business of electrical repairing. The house was closed and boarded. With difficulty we learned of his whereabouts and caught up with him at last in a fine new shop on THE AVENUE, but we found him the same old friend. Much of our precious time was learning anew the city of Leopoldville and its great strides in modernization within a year.

We met Congolese friends on the streets. Two years ago some

of them were earning but a fraction of a missionary's salary, but were now receiving as much as 500% of their former salaries. New opulence and sophistication was evident all about us.

Arriving home at Boko, we rejoiced in the progress made by our colleagues — one unit of a school project completed, a shop, new homes for Congolese, more boys and girls in school, a class of twenty-eight ready to graduate.

But progress of a king has penetrated faster than the Gospel. We are told that one of our colleagues visited a village where we have had only a little contact. He planned to show colored slides of the Life of Christ. He was received gladly, for already a government visual aid project had visited the village with movies and the villagers had liked them. But when our friend began to show his pictures the villagers scorned them. "They don't move; they don't dance; they don't act," they said. "We are not interested in your pictures." And they walked away.

Can we keep up with the tremendous changes in Congo life? Financially, we frankly don't know, for mission workers, too, must be paid to live. Can we meet the awakening interest in things modern and civilized? Can we hold the interest of the people? But, most important of all, can our spiritual progress keep pace with all this? Sometimes we wonder. Some of our young people will seek and are seeking other paths of progress than that ordered by the Lord of Life. But there are those who will continue to make their strides with Him.

The other day we paid our workers, some had back pay also to receive and the amounts were comparatively large. Some had lapsed in their tithing, for with increased wages the tithe seemed so much larger and harder to dedicate to the Lord. We drew it again to their attention and prayed with them. Our station pastor, who received altogether 1000 frs. including pay in arrears, led the way. Without hesitation he brought his 100 frs. enough to feed his family for a month. He laid it at the Master's feet and went his way — His way. Yesterday a hard trial came to him, death in the family way back in the village, and the call for him to come and take his part in the family mourning. But new strength was his in Him and he is hearing His voice and sticking at his post.

God willing, new and bigger things are ahead for the Church in Congo. But we see them only by faith now — faith in your prayers, faith in the power of Him who transforms alike the mighty of this earth and the humble African villagers into sons and daughters of the Living God.

"ASK IN FAITH WITH NO DOUBTING"

CHESTER AND DOLORES SCOTT

IN biblical times prayers seemed to be answered in a very positive way, but in the modern day many believe that such positive answers are passé, and belong only in the teachings from the Bible, and certainly not applicable to our Christian lives now. There are however, a group of missionaries who were inspired to place their needs directly before the same God of biblical days and in so doing received the absolute direct and positive answer as reward for their true faith. This we believe to be the greatest example of answered prayer that we have known.

Following the annual Congo Conference in 1951 a group of our missionaries gathered together for the regular Sunday evening prayer service at our Kikongo station. Conference had pointed out the many increased problems which faced our missionary efforts in Congo. The only answer seemed to lie in new missionaries being sent to the field soon. That evening Eva Shepard recalled the tremendous faith of Hudson Taylor in the early days of the China inland mission. How he had gathered together the missionaries there to pray in faith, believing that seventy new missionaries be called to China in three years, and how before the meeting broke up a service of praise was held thanking God for the seventy who were coming.

As our missionaries heard this story they too accepted this challenge of faith and before they left their meeting they as a group asked that twenty new missionaries be called to Congo in two years. Friends both in Congo and at home in America heard of this great faith and joined in the prayer.

That is half of this wonderful story. The other half lies in the way in which God answered those prayers as he began to act so definitely and so positively in the lives of people throughout our great land to accept this most wonderful of all calls. Only we know how beautiful and how positive was our call into this work. We have talked with twenty other missionaries who also received this call, all in a different way, yet all as wonderfully definite. God's working out this answer weaves a network of Christian experiences which draws from his resource of wonderful Christian leaders throughout all of America and into the mission fields.

We know for certain that this call could not have been heard but for Christian parents and interest in our background, Christian friends all around us, a tremendous minister of Christ to council in our church at Santa Monica, California, a newly made friend at Green Lake to point the way. This call could not have been answered but for those who have dedicated themselves into the work of the American Baptist Foreign Mission Society. These are only a few but this network of love and interest just in our calling alone, reached completely across our nation.

We now are in Congo as missionaries representing you, our many friends, only a few of whom we have met, who privilege us to do this work by your support. It is our purpose to construct the necessary buildings which comprise our mission stations. Construction work in the past has been supervised by our ministers, teachers and doctors. It is amazing what they have been able to do with a very limited knowledge of building and the untrained native as their only craftsman. It would be difficult to explain the many problems that these men have faced, cutting down trees and sawing out the lumber by hand, making and burning their own brick, and if a part of machinery is ordered waiting for months for its arrival. So it is easy to see why carrying on a construction program as a side line to the job for which these men were trained drew deeply from their supply of vigor and strength.

To a person trained as a builder and able to apply his full time to the construction work these problems are still present, but each lends a new opportunity for study and improvement. Our first assignment is to complete a secondary school, four dormitories and two dining units here at beautiful Banza Manteke. Rock

for the foundation is being dug out by hand and carried in large pieces to the work site. There by hand it must be broken into gravel size particles. Concerte block for the walls must be made here on the job site and with stepped up production one good worker can turn out about forty blocks per day. We grant permission to the sawyers to cut the required amount of lumber to make the trusses, trim and furniture.

The workmen here are very intelligent, industrious and most eager to learn more about construction. By organizing them into different work groups, working on different phases of the job and being able to personally work with each group several hours each day, their production has been amazing to the missionaries on this station, and so good that it has been a most pleasant surprise to us. In the past week the carpenters here have constructed twenty-six trusses, some spanning forty feet, without the use of any power tools. Yesterday and today they have placed all the trusses for the school, lifting them all into place by a hundred eager hands as they sing out an age old rhythmic chant which coordinates their efforts, and with this show of tremendous united power thrill us, for as they unite in this work they also unite in an equally vigorous Christian life. This of course because of the many years background they have had through our Mission here. As Congo is bursting into the light of a new era an alarming migration is taking place into the large cities. These men here have remained loyal to our Mission work, even though they could be receiving several times the salaries which they receive here. They stay because of their love for the Mission and what it means in their lives and in the lives of the future men and women of Congo.

When this project is completed in about five months we shall be assigned to our new field among the Bayaka people at Boko. We have made a trip there to study the source of possible building materials native to the locality and collect requirements for the buildings which will be needed there. Having fresh in our minds each of our great Christian friends at Banza Manteke, we entered the land of the Bayakas, probably the most retarded tribe in our area. These people are but a little removed from savagery and desperately need to be able to read so they may study the beautiful story of Christ which is being told them by our missionaries there .

Last year's World Mission Crusade Offering will allow for the first time in the history of Congo an entire station to be planned and constructed at one time. As the buildings rise up there so will great men of God rise up among these people. Men who will be called from among the people, some as teachers, some as preachers, some to minister to the needy bodies,and some to build.

Already we know it will be like leaving home again to leave Banza Manteke and our friends here, but the challenge and the promise of the work there is so compelling we are most anxious for this project to be finished. By your support of the World Mission Crusade we are co-workers together, even as you are co-workers with our minister who is taking the old old story into their village for the first time, and the nurse or doctor who is ministering to the physical needs even as did the Great Physician, and the missionary educationalist who is replacing their wild, fearful superstitions with seeds of truth and logic.

With each building block that is slipped into place we think of you who have made that block possible, and with each block ask a prayer of blessing for you whose block it is.

BLOSSOMS

MARGUERITE ELDREDGE

I found Belgium truly a land of blossoms. Again and again I lifted my heart in prayer and praise to God the Creator of each leaf, fern and flower, to the Divine Artist giving painstaking care to each tiny detail in the form and texture of each one, hiding delicate fragrance in the petalled centers and painting all with gorgeous tints and hues surrounded with just the right shades of green foliage. Isn't it wonderful that God takes so much time to add glory and beauty to our world?

And now I am back in Congo, holding in precious memory blossoms which brightened my furlough months. And here I have already seen other blossoms, the flowering of souls new born

because the Lord Jesus Christ has entered with transforming, redeeming power into the hearts of Congo folk. During my first service at Leopoldville I saw the baptism of thirty men and women who want to live for Christ in this great city. Banza Manteke and Sona Bata stations are expanding their equipment and ministy for healing, educating and building up in Christ the work of the church in these areas. Kimpese seminary and training schools with branches of instruction for all ages and both sexes is witness to a spiritual unity of dedicated souls, instructors and pupils, in the bundle of life with Christ that trained leaders go forth to the uttermost parts of this Congo as His ambassadors. Kimpese Evangelical Medical Institute is one of the present day miracles in mission achievement. Ninety buildings are now visible on a site but recently dedicated to this cause. This sudden flowering surely predicts a most fruitful ministry in the coming days in the name of the Great Physician as five great denominations work and pray with and for a devoted staff and this healing ministry. And another flower-garden of the Lord's visited enroute to my own station was Vanga where thus far in 1953 there have been 4095 baptisms. The active church membership now numbers 24,000 souls and another 9000 are under instruction for baptism and the privileges of church membership.

At Moanza during these few days I have seen and learned of blossom-time in many of our church districts. Our united prayer is that here and everywhere as Isaiah records, that the desert shall rejoice, and blossom as the rose... blossom abundantly... and see the glory of the Lord and the excellency of our God."

WHO'S WHO

ARLEY BROWN, is the son of our missionaries, Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Brown of Kikongo. He was born at Vanga, but spent most of his life in Pasadena, Calif. where he went to college. Ruth, his wife, comes from Camino, Calif. and went to the College of the Pacific at Stockton, Calif. They both attended Berkeley Baptist Divinity School, and Arley received his B.D. degree. Then they went to Sioux City, where Arley was assistant pastor for a year. After their appointment for Congo, they went to Brussels, Belgium for a year, and Miriam was born there. Four churches share in their support: Tremont Temple of Boston; Pleasant Street Baptist, Worcester, Mass; First Baptist of Sioux City, Iowa and First Baptist Church of San Louis Obispo, Calif. They are now at Leopoldville for language study, but are also taking part in the work.

NORMAN AND VON RIDDLE attended Bob Jones College. It was there that Von from San Angelo, Texas and Norman from Long Beach, Calif. met. After graduation Norman attended Calif. Baptist Seminary at Covina and received his B.D. degree. They went to Atherton, where Norman was assistant pastor. They are supported by Melrose Baptist in Oakland, Calif. and Main Street Baptist in Binghamton and also the church in Atherton. They spent one year in Brussels, Belgium and are now at Banza Manteke for language study, with their two little daughters, Carol 3½, and Joan, 2 years old. They have already taken over a good share of the work and soon will be shouldering a full load.

VIRGINIA NICKERSONis from Burlingame, Calif. She took her nurse's training at St. Luke's Hospital in San Francisco, attended San Francisco State College and Bible Institute of Los Angeles. Her supporting church is First Baptist of Burlingame. They raised the full amount to send her to Congo, over and above their quota for missions. She spent a year in Belgium and is now at Banza Manteke for language study and is in charge of the hospital there.

CHESTER AND DOLORES SCOTT are from Kansas. Dolores from Coffeyville and "Scotty" from Arkansas City. You will

read in their article, something about Scotty's call to the mission field. He went to Santa Monica City College and University of Southern Calif. for his training as a construction engineer. Making their home in Santa Monica, Calif, he worked at construction for the General Telephone Co. When he was called to be a missionary builder he applied and was accepted for Congo. They with their two children, Sharan 11, and John 4 years old, came directly to Congo, arriving here early in October, 1953. They are supported by the Trinity Baptist Church, Santa Monica, Calif.

ROBERT AND VIRGINIA PEARSON took their college training at the University of Oregon. Bob is from Portland and Virginia from Corvallis, Ore. They attended Berkeley Baptist Divinity School and Bob received his B.D. degree. But Bob felt called to be a missionary builder, so shortly after graduation they came directly to Congo and are now at Sona Bata for language study. They have two children, Marilee and John. In a short time they will be going to Vanga to begin the building program for that station. They are supported by the First Baptist Church of Pomona, Calif. and the First Baptist Church of Richmond, Calif. and the Grant Park Baptist Church of Portland, Oregon.

VIRGINIA LEE HJERTSTEDT went to Kansas State Teacher's College, in Emporia, Kansas, which is her home town. From there she went to Berkeley Baptist Divinity School, then went to Belgium for one year. She is now teaching at Kimpese, where we have several schools in cooperation with other missions, and where a large staff of missionaries is needed.

Her home church is the First Baptist church of Emporia and the First Baptist Church of Albany, Calif. is also interested in helping with her support.

MADELYN ALBRECHT comes from the First Baptist Church of Saginaw, Michigan, which is also her home town. She went to the Bay City Junior College and Normal School, then to Northern Baptist Theological Seminary. She had some teaching experience in the U.S. before she went to Belgium for French study. After one year there, she came out to Congo and is now at Sona Bata for language study and helping in the schools there.

OUR NEW HOME

ROBERT AND VIRGINIA PEARSON

WE arrived in Leo by plane a little before noon, October 8, and my first impression was "It's hot". We had left New York by boat for Holland, September 22, and since that trip took eight days we knew it was a long way. Johnny, our 3-year-old boy, knew we were on our way to Africa and had been told we were not even half way there when we arrived in Europe. When we left Brussels by Belgian plane one evening and arrived in Africa the next day he insisted that we were not yet in Africa.

Some of our missionary colleagues and two native pastors met us at the airport, gave us a hearty welcome, and helped us through customs and immigration.

We arrived at Sona Bata two days later. At the hospital a choir greeted us with what seemed like (our not knowing the language) ten verses of a song while we stood and tried to look intelligent and make a good impression as new missionaries. Then we went to the other hilltop where the school children and teachers greeted us in a similar way.

Then we were introduced to a historic landmark — the house of Tata Moody, built about 1910. Since then the grass roof has been replaced with an iron one, and a cement bathtub was built in, but other than those big changes I think the house is pretty much the same. Of course the bats and cockroaches are many generations removed from their first kin who settled in the cracks and gable and anywhere else it was convenient, but they are nonetheless active. A solid ceiling is being put in to define more closely our living quarters from those of the bats. This historic place has been the home of many missionaries and now it is ours. It seems pretty plain, but it is adequate, and when we think of the hardships the pioneer missionaries endured and of the way they lived, we have to admit that we have it fairly soft.

If Marilee and Johnny could write their impressions of Congo, they might use such words as exhilarating, fascinating, and exciting. After two years of apartment life in the States they think that the warm, wide open spaces of Sona Bata are pretty

wonderful. All the wild life here — the cats and kittens, chickens, goats, sheep, dogs, lizards, geese, and various insects — are subjects for innumerable questions. The wide open spaces have an attraction for Marilee's and Johnny's parents, too, for they have never seen anywhere else such beautiful blue skies and white clouds, gorgeous sunsets, and magnificent night skies as there are here at Sona Bata.

One of our first impressions was how lonely missionary life seemed to be, but as we have become better acquainted with the Congolese and as we have come to be able to speak some Kikongo the loneliness does not seem so intense, but I believe there will always remain with us a deep admiration and appreciation for the strength, perseverance, sacrifice, and comparative loneliness of the single women missionaries.

The neatness and politeness of our Congolese teachers has been a challenge, and we have found ourselves enjoying and respecting their friendship.

Home is where our Father wants us, because it is there that we are the closest to Him. Material things cannot make a home by themselves. It takes love. We pray that we may share God's love for this country and its people as we make our home here and fit into His plan of redemption for the Congolese.

CONGO FOR THE FIRST TIME

MADELYN ALBRECHT

WE'RE pulling towards land! These were the words that echoed in our ears as we hastily finished the last bites of our dinner and hurried out on deck. We'd seen land before on this trip but this time it was different. In a very short while we would be in the seething, brown waters of the mighty Congo River. Already we could see the wide channel which the Congo with its great force cuts for a distance of two miles into the ocean. Then came the first glimpses of the vast land of Congo which was to become our new home, — the day we had all looked forward to for so long and now it had come with a deep quiet sense of real peace and satisfaction in the knowledge that this was where God would have us serve Him. The next morning we were in Matadi and that night found as all loaded into a truck and bouncing over the winding, dusty, hilly, washboard road to Banza Manteke. As we rode along up and down and around the mountains we could watch the stars and the silver moon make a beautiful background for the mountains and occasional palm trees—all of Congo is not dense tropical forest, but it's beautiful just the same.

It was *Matondo* week-end at Banza Manteke—Thanksgiving week-end and truly we could join in all the praise and prayers of thanksgiving for the multitude of blessings that are ours and for the marvelous ways in which God has led us until now we are here. As the more than a thousand voices at the Thanksgiving worship service joined together in singing hymns written in a strange language but with the old familiar tunes, I wondered if I would ever cease being thrilled at hearing the Congo people sing. The same Sunday morning, as the sun was rising, we had the great privilege of marching with a large group of natives down to the pool where they have their baptismal services. There more than a hundred and thirty followed their Lord in baptism. What a thrill to know that God is marching on, calling men, women and children to follow Him, and that in this land of Congo as well as in all parts of the world there are those who hear His voice and follow Him.

As we arrived at Sona Bata we were thrilled as the native

nurses greeted us in song as we paused for a moment by the hospital; and then, as we drove on to the school we were again greeted in song by all the school children as they stood in front of the church. It was really a royal welcome to Sona Bata.

One thinks about the horrors of living in a tropical country with the heat and poor living conditions, wild animals, and so forth. But here at Sona Bata we live a very normal life. Our homes are adequate and comfortable. There is running water — when it runs — and electricity in the evenings. Our food is very much like the food we eat at home, and we find that many of the native fruits are very good to eat as well as some of the native food. The climate has been cooler than one would ever think for the tropics. Sweaters are well in order many mornings and evenings during the dry season. It is cooler here than in some other regions because of the elevation. Now that the rainy season has started, the days are getting warmer, but as yet they have not been unbearable. As for wild animals, thus far I have seen nothing more than a few snakes, some spiders, many birds, and various other creeping things.

And already we have begun to realize the great amount of work that there is to be done. There is an overwhelming amount of it not only in the educational and medical field, but also and most important in meeting the spiritual needs of the people. Already we have been thrilled as we have had opportunities to help in the educational work or in the medical work, and it has been a special thrill when we've had an opportunity to go with native pastors and teachers to the villages. But how helpless we new missionaries feel during these first few months because of the language barrier that exists between us and the natives. Sometimes we can use French but we look forward to the day when we'll be able to also use the native language. So for these first months much emphasis is placed on the study of the language itself.

We find our fellow missionaries a wonderful group of people. We new missionaries are quickly made to feel a part of our Congo family. Those here on the station have done everything they could to help us get settled and adjusted and make us feel welcome here, and we have met many of the missionaries from the other stations which makes us feel that truly we do belong to a

great family here in Congo. And we rejoice as we join with these consecrated Christians who are working to make Christ known in Congo and to train Congolese to lead others to Him.

It wouldn't be right to leave you with the impression that there are no inconveniences, no difficulties and no problems. It isn't very long before the new missionary realizes that there are many difficult problems to the work. And many of these problems seem to have no real solution. Many times we would be very discouraged if it were not for the assurance of God's presence and power to strengthen and encourage His children, and for the knowledge that this is His work and the results must be left in His hands. But in spite of the days that may seem discouraging and the problems that seem to have no solution, we still believe that Congo is the best place in the world to be, because we know that here is where the Lord wants us to be.

COOPERATION AT KIMPESE

VIRGINIA LEE HJERTSTEDT

KIMPESE is beautifully set in rolling hills nestled against the foot of the Bangu. The first light shower of the rainy season greeted me and left the rose and white frangi-panis fresh and glistening. The Catholic mission is very close and dense vegetation springs up on all uncultivated ground.

It takes a while to get everyone's name and specialty sorted out with such a large staff. To know four languages would help, as sometimes sentences come out in a mixture of French, English, Swedish, and Kikongo. At first even when all of the staff talked English it seemed to be in code such as M-3b, ES-1 or E.A.P. until the twenty-seven different classes began to straighten themselves out and fall into some order. The Swedish, English, and American missionaries here really cooperate, and work which would be impossible for one mission to do is now possible and is being done. The entire staff have been so friendly and helpful and it is a joy to work with them.

Love for the Congo people is not difficult. Who could help it when they are so overwhelmingly grateful because you have come, when always you are greeted by broard smiles and sparkling eyes, when everything you do is so interesting that they don't want to miss a single word or action, when they are so helpful as you learn their language?

The day's activities are regulated by the ringing of the church bell which begins at 5:45 a.m. Soon the voices of many children and crowing chickens join in and further sleep is impossible and undesirable. The paipai at breakfast tastes like cantalope and the grapefruit raised on the station is sweet. Soon converging streams of "kids", student families, workmen, and missionaries meet at the chapel for the daily period of prayer, song, and scripture. The women in their bright print dresses, carrying the baby on their back while they balance their Bible and hymn book on their heads, bow and silently pray. Bare feet shuffling on the cement do not disturb the quietness. Congo babies are very good and it is hard to believe that ninety of them attend chapel too.

In class the students stand as the teacher enters, stand to answer questions and in general are well-behaved and conscientious in their studies. It is amusing to see them use their hair as a pen-wipe.

From twelve to two is lunch time and siesta. The temperature sometimes rises ten degrees. After two everyone goes to manual work; the women to their gardens, the men to help with building projects and the children to carry bricks, to their fish-pond project, to bring sand and gravel from the stream, and to help in general station up-keep. The teaching that work is honorable is put into daily practice. The reward of labor is seen when the women balance large pans of fresh vegetables on their heads, the men see buildings rise, and the children know that they are also an essential part of the team.

Darkness comes quickly but beautifully as graceful coconut palms are silouetted against a sunset sky and then hundreds of stars twinkle against the dark blue. Through the night comes the lovely harmony of the men's choir at practice, the flickering of many lanterns as students study in their classrooms, and with the coolness and the dark the desk work of the missionaries begins.

Often it is interrupted by students asking for personal help of all kinds but the interruption is willingly made for this is an important part of the day's task.

Just as contrasts are necessary to enrich separate colors so also the problems confronting the missionaries and the Congolese show the richness of individual lives. It is so easy for a new pair of shoes or a hat to give prestige. Not taking time to understand and impatience cause their share of unhappiness. The problems are far outweighed by the joys and are not significant except that they bring us closer to Him — The Solver of them all.

Water lilies blooming on the fish ponds, storm clouds over the Bangu, pieces of bark that fall from trees and walk away, flamboyant trees in full bloom, and being a member of a great missionary family do not give a feeling of strangess but of contentment and a knowledge that this is where God would have me to be. Many times a day I thank God forallowing me to join in the work at Kimpese and pray that I might do my part well.

BANZA MANTEKE

SEE how hungry they are." These were the words of an old man to missionary Martin Engwall one Sunday morning in reference to the spiritual desires of the people of the little neighboring village of Beti as they packed the tiny school house for the service. After the Spirit-empowered singing and preaching this same man rose along with several others to confess sin and be reinstated in the church or be accepted for the first time. This is but one example of the hunger for God expressed from all parts of the field by requests for visits from the missionary. Further evidence of this renewed interest is the 1066 baptisms for this year, as compared with 500 last year, and the doubling of the annual Thanksgiving offering. Included in the number of baptisms was 135 Banza Manteke pupils.

The educational work here is also progressing with consolidated schools being started in many parts of the field. The Secondary School building was begun, and under the guidance of our new builder Chester Scott is moving swiftly to completion, along with three boys' dormitories. The girls' school's experiment in having three graduates teach as monitrices was successful and will be repeated. School closed Thursday in a blaze of color and ceremony highlighted by the address of the Assistant Administrator of the Matadi Territory.

A successful Woman's Conference and several Christian Home Institutes marked by lively debates on family relations and the status of women in Congo were held for the first time. Under the capable leadership of Esther Ehnbom the leper and maternity work grew appreciably. While she is taking her furlough Virginia Nickerson is carrying on with the supervision of Dr. Tuttle of Kimpese. Rounding out the new arrivals was the Riddle family. The station will feel the loss of the Harry Brown's, however, who go to Leopoldville to replace the Armstrongs as Mission Secretary. All in all this has been a year of advance materially, spiritually, and in the matter of personnel, and we look to the future with renewed confidence.

BOKO

THIS is our newest station. During the year past there have been a few outstanding events, and some progress has been made in developing the station as well as growth in the church and school. The new school building was finished in June, and the first permanent residence has been finished.

The conference of the Congo church was held at Boko in April. This made a deep impression on the people of the area. It was a help to them in their Christian experience to see so many of their fellow-countrymen, leaders in the Church of Christ in Congo, gathering for conference on problems and plans for their church.

In the mid-year, the Uhlinger family left for furlough, and shortly after that the Robbins family returned from furlough. Also Miss Eva Shepard went on furlough and Miss Jean Luckey came to take her place in the school work.

Boko needs your prayers, that the people in this area may realize their need of Christ and His salvation.

KIKONGO

THE metamorphosis of a mud and thatch Mission Station continues. Thanks to the irrepressible energy of Lewis Brown, there is now a permanent ward to mark the beginning of the end of caring for patients in mud huts that threaten to collapse whenever there is a storm.

With a phenomenal increase in the number of obstetrical patients, racing the stork has become Agnes Anderson's favourite pastime. It was nip and tuck one day when she went out to the rural baby clinics (yes, the clinic babies continue to push a thousand) and brought back two expectant mothers. One of the women had already walked more than twenty miles and it looked as though the old GMC truck wouldn't get her to the hospital in time. But it did!

All the baby business isn't at the hospital. Charles Smith brought home from Leopoldville 50 day-old chicks destined to improve the local breeds. "Smithy" has had some close races too, in property upkeep. Twice this year mud and thatch buildings have collapsed in storms just as permanent structures were nearing completion. Fortunately, no one was hurt and a new home for

two of the women workers and a four-room boys' dormitory now have happy occupants.

The number of schools qualifying for government recognition goes steadily forward. But it's the girls who warm our hearts. 1953 doubled the number who not only came ... but stayed! It's the not staying group that has disappointed in the past. The new *Ecole Ménagère* or Home Economics school is undoubtedly the big attraction. Even with a school day starting at 6 AM and continuing until 9 PM Bernice Niles and Viola Smith have a hard time squeezing in all of the various activities connected with schools ranging from the Nursery School, of which two-year-old Glen Niles is a special pupil, to the night school for adults.

The new work at hard-to-reach Buku is a spearhead into the vast unevangelised region that separates the occupied portions of the Kikongo and Sona Bata fields. We thrill at the response of the people of that area to the courageous work of Antoine Nga and Thomas Tatabwele. Pray for them; they need your help. It's a long bike ride thru lion-occupied country to get there, but Don Niles can take it ... and does. Successful laymen's conferences were another outstanding feature of the field work.

The evangelisation of the unreached areas of our A.B.F.M.S. Congo fields is dependent in a large measure on the pastors who will be trained in our Bible Institute. 1953 brought students from all of our stations except Leopoldville. Next year a third year will be added to the school's curriculum. We don't know how Susie and Lewis Brown have managed it, but in spite of full teaching schedules, 18 student houses, 2 classrooms, an assembly hall, an office and three store-rooms have been brought near to completion. The presence of the Bible Institute keeps constantly before us the primary purpose of all that we do.

The center of interest during the year was undoubtedly the new church being built on the station. Its beauty is more than the graceful arched windows and attractive tower; it is the beauty of boys and girls, men and women carrying rocks or sand on their heads, or working thru the heat of their noon rest hour to break up the rocks. It is the beauty of the labor of Africans and the love-gifts of friends in America in an expression of adoration of the Lord for whom the temple is being built. V. L. SMITH

KIMPESE

THE Institute Medical Evangelique (I.M.E.) has developed rapidly. From the moment the second doctor came the hospital was officially opened to serve, it has been crowded to capacity. Its reception and use by the people in this area emphasize what a great need it fills.

The primary school building was completed and gave us an additional six classrooms. They are large and airy with windows on either side. We were also able to build a new dormitory and lay the foundation for another at the primary camp. This has alleviated the crowded living conditions.

A secondary school was started with first and fourth year classes. The foundation has been laid for a three-room unit to house a part of the new school. Ultimately it will have six classrooms and an office.

For the top class women we inaugurated a special teacher-training course to prepare them to teach in village schools. This has also given our student wives the opportunity for further study and basic courses in homemaking for which a new building is being erected.

In February another four-year class in theology will enter. Some of them are already arriving for a preparatory refresher course.

Two missionaries, the African pastor and an African teacher participated in baptizing school boys and girls, workmen, and wives thus demonstrating once again our motto of "Kintwadi" (togetherness). These represented the largest number to be baptized at one time in the history of the station. It was a beautiful walk to the Lukunga River. The spot had been prepared by the baptismal candidates on Saturday afternoon. They had chopped down grass, dug steps in the bank, and built palm branch shelters. As they received the right hand of fellowship welcoming them into the church, we again rejoiced that the Christian training in our schools does bear fruit for His service in Congo.

LEOPOLDVILLE

P. L. Benner

JUST this afternoon I finished correcting final exams. And then I sat quietly, to think a bit of the high spots of this last year. A whole flood of memories poured through my mind. A most healing process, I find out now, for just last night we stood in the pouring rain to see the Armstrongs leave for furlough. Since May, 1952, when the Watkins left, we have been alone at Léopoldville. We decided that while we would never want to repeat it for the work's sake, it has been a most happy time. You can understand why I have felt blank all day. But this remembering has restored the happiness in our work.

We are happy because we have a new family here at Leopoldville, after a long and barren time. And now a second family, old friends, has returned for the office work. Richness beyond compare !

We are happy because our pastor has had his eyes restored to him again, after some years of being handicapped by cataracts.

We are happy because this year, for the first time, we have students to enter into every one of our training schools—medical school at Kimpese, normal school at Kimpese, secondary school at Banza Manteke, Bible School at Kikongo.

We are happy because our church has voted to support a teacher in our mission adopted area in the Kwango. Now we are a missionary church.

We are happy that the government saw its way clear to use our school in their oral exams for candidates for normal school certificates. An honor, we know. And we are happy that that ordeal is over!

We are happy that we are painting the church again.

The sum total is that we have been and are happy together in our Christian family in this city. We hope our happiness will spread to this next year and to our neighbors. What a gift is Christian happiness!

MOANZA

BY far the outstanding occurence of the year at Moanza has been the celebration of the fourtieth anniversary of the beginning of the work in this area. When Samuel Mpambu and Thomas Moody first arrived there were, of course, no schools, no Christian believers, no mission stations — Catholic or Protestant — nor even any stateposts. Thomas Moody, Dr. Leslie, Samuel Mpambu have all gone on to their reward, but they have built well. Three of Mpambu's children came up from Matadi and Leopoldville to celebrate the occasion with us. At an early morning service at the grave of Mpambu and Mama Lena, his wife, one of the old pastors who began his work under Mpambu reminded us that "other foundation can no man lay than that which is laid," and that "unless the Lord build a house they labor in vain that build it."

There has not been a phenominal increase in the number of those added to the church this year, but we are satisfied that the local membership committees were justified in admitting 841 for baptism of the thousands who applied. Regular visits were made to all of the church centers and the membership of the churches checked. A definite increase in giving both for missions and for local expenses is certain although the exact increase is not quite certain.

At four of our church centers the church members have helped to build schools and boys dormitories so that the help of the educational pool buildings of permanent material were possible instead of the temporary kind.

A growing number of our station girls are entering central school. This year two girls graduated very near the top of the class and with the 29 boys in the class took part in the work, and discussions of the class.

Regular visits of Dr. Osterholm and Dr. J. Walker have meant much to the medical work at Moanza. It is hoped that the hospital annex will go a long way toward helping a need in that area, but many more buildings are tremendously needed and it is hoped will soon be under construction—a maternity, an additional

ward, 20 or 24 cubicles and six or eight homes for infirmiers.

It would be easier to write of what has not been accomplished at Moanza due to lack of staff than to write of all that has been done during the year. Our greatest need by far which we have not realized this year is a spiritual revival for which above all else we shall continue to pray.

SONA BATA

IN our field where we have church members in 519 villages, all 50 of our organized churches were visited by the Boones and Thanksgiving meetings held during the past year. 394 new church members were baptized and 219 others were restored to church membership. The "Home Mission" offering for the year was 79,117 francs ($ 1,582.34)

At the station over 100 were baptized in August. In the special classes for illiterate women many have learned to read the Bible and similar classes are now being held for the workmen. A leadership training meeting was held for women last January, followed by monthly women's meetings, sewing classes and village visitation during the year. In the school, under the direction of Miss V. Anderson and Miss J. Luckey, we are rejoicing to see the six new dormitories of cement blocks nearing completion, which will house 72 girls next year, the first of sorely-needed new buildings for the school in recent years. The presence of three recently arrived new missionaries, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Pearson and Miss Madelyn Albrecht also greatly cheers us.

At the hospital the departure of Dr. and Mrs. Tuttle in February and the gradual transfer of all the student nurses to the new inter-denominational medical training school at Kimpese left a tremendous gap which we have tried to fill in a measure by taking in 18 young men as student *aides-infirmiers*. In June again another change took place when the Walker family left for Vanga and Dr. and Mrs. Freas arrived. The medical work has

continued as heavy as ever, with a slight decrease in surgery, but with a marked increase in obstetrical work (740 deliveries, 200 more than last year), due in no small measure to the presence and skillful care of our new woman physician, Dr. Carrie Sprague. Our staff of seven graduate Congolese nurses have shown a fine, cooperative spirit and are doing their best to work together with the missionary doctors, as well as with all the station staff, for the glory of the kingdom of God.

VANGA

JANUARY: A new school year begins with 505 students on the station and 5314 in regional schools. We can do it only with God's help and the faith that new missionaries and buildings are on the way.

February brought final francs, bringing the total Christmas offering to $2500, enabling the printing of the Story of Jesus in the people's language and expanding His Work into new areas.

In March, the school inspector told, us, as we knew, that it is imperative that we have more missionary staff, more dormitories and more classrooms.

April sent student teachers into district schools for a week, bringing them back aglow with the challenge of serving their brothers and their Lord.

May welcomed 54 new babies into Vanga's Maternity Ward and told 54 mothers more of Christ's Message.

The first Sunday after Dr. and Mrs. Walker's arrival in June, 275 new Christians were baptized and became members of the station church.

In July we bid farewell to Dr. and Mrs. Osterholm. We are thankful that they will be back with us after their well-deserved furlough at home.

August brought new hospital equipment and saw another self-financed brick church building begin construction in the

district. This one will seat 1800 people. Seven other brick or stone churches are going up.

In September, 65 hopeful candidates wrote entrance exams for higher schools, preparing to be pastors, teachers nurses. But there will be class-space for only a few!

Wesley Brown came in October, taking pictures of Vanga's work. One Sunday he saw 357 people baptized at one post, with church attendance of 4000. Amelia Kathryne Walker (6 lbs. 14 oz.) joined our ranks on October 31.

Sixty new teachers graduated in November, strengthening our work here and at Kikongo, Boko and Moanza. 75 students graduated from the station elementary school.

December brought more than 500 regional students to the station to write final exams and to graduate. Medical statistics record close to 700 surgical procedures this year. Over 4100 people have been baptized in 1953. It has been a full and blessed year.

PRAISE AND PRAYER

(See reports of stations on ouststanding events of the year)

1. We *praise* God for the increased number of baptisms on the various stations.
2. Also for increased giving, we give *praise*.
3. *Praise* is due also for the healing given to people in our crowded hospitals.
4. We give *Praise* for the new buildings, making less crowded quarters in some places.
5. *Praise* is given for the desire of some to serve as pastors, teachers and nurses.
6. We *praise* God for the increased numbers in the schools, especially for the noticable increase of girls.
7. We thank God that in a recent automobile accident, the Jump family and Emily Keyes were miraculously saved from serious injury, escaping with only bruises and one collar bone broken.

****

1. *Pray* that there may be a spiritual revival in Congo.
2. *Pray* with us for the Class in Theology which will begin at Kimpese.
3. *Pray* for the Congolese pastors and teachers and nurses.
4. *Pray* for MORE MISSIONARIES, an OFFICE WORKER is urgently needed!
5. *Pray* for the new missionaries who are studying language.
6. *Pray* that the funds may be provided for buildings and equipment.

****

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS : You will receive a FIRST NOTICE with issue preceding expiration. SECOND NOTICE with expiring issue THIRD NOTICE following expiration. If no renewal is received by the issue *following* the third notice, your subscription will be cancelled. The CONGO NEWS LETTER is mailed the first of each quarter, taking 2 months to reach U. S. A. You may receive a notice after your renewal is sent, but it will be adjusted next issue.

DIRECTORY SUPPLEMENT

IN BELGIUM—new appointees, studying French:
Miss Esther Greenmun, R. N.
Miss Margot Hakes
Mr. and Mrs. Murray F. Sharp
Mr. and Mrs. C. Gerald Weaver

IN U. S.—completing preparations for service in Congo:
Mr. and Mrs. James B. Clark
Dr. and Mrs. Donald L. Martin
Miss Rhoda Nielson, R. N.

STAFFING NEEDS

At our recent Reference Committee meeting a five year program was discussed. Looking over a period of that length we shall need many more workers in Congo. The following shows what the increase should be:

	General Society	Women's Society
MEDICAL STAFF		
Our present staff	5	4
Immediate need	6	6
Five years from now	8	9
EDUCATIONAL STAFF		
Our present staff	2	11
Our immediate need	7	11
Five years from now	13	15
EVANGELISTIC STAFF		
Our present staff	11	0
Immediate need	11	4
Five years from now	15	8
ADMINISTRATION and BUILDERS, ETC.		
Our present staff	3	0
Immediate need	5	2
Five years from now	5	2

Will you or someone you know answer the call to these needs?

BELGIAN CONGO MISSION DIRECTORY
with P. O. addresses*

BANZA MANTEKE
via Matadi†

Miss Mary Bonar
Rev. and Mrs. M. S. Engwall
Miss Annis Ford
Miss Virginia Nickerson, R. N.
Rev. and Mrs. Norman Riddle
Mr. and Mrs. Chester Scott

BOKO
via Popokabaka et Inkisi‡

Miss Jean Luckey
Rev. and Mrs. W. F. Robbins

KIKONGO *sur Wamba*
via Banningville‡

Miss Agnes Anderson, R. N.
Rev. and Mrs. C. E. Boone
Rev. and Mrs. Donald C. Niles
Rev. and Mrs. C. E. Smith

E.P.I., KIMPESE
via Matadi†

Rev. and Mrs. H. Erickson
Rev. and Mrs. E. G. Hall
Miss Virginia Hjertstedt

I. M. E., KIMPESE
via Matadi.†

Dr. and Mrs. G. W. Tuttle

LEOPOLDVILLE 2
B. P. 4141

Rev. Phyllis L. Benner
Rev. and Mrs. Arley Brown
Rev. and Mrs. H. D. Brown

MOANZA *sur Inzia,*
via Masi-Manimba‡

Rev. and Mrs. T. E. Bubeck
Miss Marguerite Eldredge

SONA BATA
via Matadi†

Miss Madelyn Albrecht
Miss Vendla Anderson
Dr. and Mrs. H. M. Freas
Rev. and Mrs. R. G. Metzger
Dr. Carrie E. Sprague

VANGA *sur Kwilu,*
via Kikwit.‡

Rev. and Mrs. C. J. Jump
Miss Emily Keyes
Mr. and Mrs. Robert Pearson
Dr. and Mrs. J. W. Walker

ON FURLOUGH

Mr. and Mrs. B. W. Armstrong
Rev. and Mrs. L. A. Brown
Miss Esther Ehnbom, R. N.
Miss Helen Gaskill
Miss Alice Jorgenson, R. N.
Dr. and Mrs. A. C. Osterholm
Miss Emily Satterberg, R. N.
Miss Eva Shepard
Rev. and Mrs. P. J. Uhlinger
Miss Doris Wiseman
Miss Dorothy Wiseman, R. N.

* *Precede name of each station with A.B.F.M.S., except Kimpese*
† *All air-mail addressed via Léopoldville instead of Matadi*
‡ *For air-mail add — and Léopoldville.*

See page 39 for Directory Supplement.